YE dayntye Nymphs, that in this blessed Brooke
doe bathe your brest,
Forsake your watry bowres, and hether looke,
at my request:
And eke you Virgins, that on *Parnasse* dwell,
Whence fleweth *Helicon* the learned well,
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of fayre *Elisa* be your silver song,
that blessed wight:
The flowre of Virgins, may shee flourish long,
In princely plight.
For shee is *Syrinx* daughter without spotte,
Which *Pan* the shepheards God of her begot:
So sprong her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

See, where she sits upon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight)
Yclad in Scarlot like a mayden Queene,
And Ermines white.
Upon her head a Cremosin coronet,
With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set:
Bayleaves betweene,
And Primroses greene
Embellish the sweete Violet.

Tell me, have ye seene her angelick face,
Like *Phœbe* fayre?
Her heavenly haveour, her princely grace
can you well compare?
The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten lively chere.
Her modest eye,
Her Maiestie,
Where have you seene the like, but there?

I sawe *Phœbus* thrust out his gol
vpon her to gaze:
But when he sawe, how broade he
it did him amaze.
He blusht to see another Sunne b
He durst againe his fyrye face ou
Let him, if he dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to have the overthrow

Shewe thy selfe *Cynthia* with thy
and be not abasht:
When shee the beames of her bea
O how art thou dasht?
But I will not match her with *La*
Such follie great sorow to *Niobe*
Now she is a stone,
And makes daply mone,
Warning all other to take heede.

Pan may be proud, that ever he be
such a Bellibone,
And *Syrinx* reioyse, that ever was
to beare such an one.
Soone as my younglings cryen
To her will I offer a milkwhite
Shee is my goddesse pl
And I her shepherds l
Albee forswonck and forswatt I

I see *Calliope* speede her to the p
where my Goddesse shin
And after her the other Muses t
with their Violines.
Bene they not Bay braunches, w
All for *Elisa* in her hand to weare
So sweetely they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heaven is to heare.